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Slips of Artists.  
It is a part of the seeming ill luck belonging to circumstance that an artist may spend time and genius on a piece of work and then fall conspicuously in some detail.

There is a story that one royal academician gave a hand five fingers and a thumb and that another painted a live lobster bright red.

The clever Goodall had been engaged in painting a number of laborers dragging a huge stone across the desert, and a man of science, entering the studio, said to him:

"I say, Goodall, if you want those fellows to pull that stone you must double their number. It would take just twice as many."

But it is not modern painters alone who slip up on points of accuracy. Even Albert Durer, in a scene representing Peter denying Christ, painted one of the Roman soldiers in the act of smoking. Turner put a rainbow beside the sun, and in another picture he got woefully tangled in the ship's rigging.

#### Incident of the Reign of Terror.

A dramatic incident of the reign of terror in France was the saving of a father's life from the guillotine by Mlle. de Sombreuil. M. de Sombreuil and his daughter were condemned to death at the time of the September massacres and were waiting in the cart, surrounded by the mob, for their turn to mount the scaffold. Mlle. de Sombreuil turned to the crowd and asked what harm a weak old man like her father could do to the nation. Some of the men answered that if she would drink a glass of blood to the nation they would let her go and pass up a glass. She drank it down immediately. The crowd took her and her father from the cart. They escaped and made their way to England. She thought at the time she drank blood, but afterward she concluded that it was red wine, for she saw no one stoop to fill the glass. To her death she was never able, however, to see red wine in a glass without a shudder.

#### An Odd Will.

A correspondent sends us a copy of an old will on record in the office of the ordinary of Lumpkin county, Ga. After appointing three executors, he "solemnly" requests them "to law N. Nicholson to the full extent of the law. I impute my cramp colic to his injustice to me." He further requests that "they pay themselves and our attorneys and spend as much as is necessary in buying a slab, and place on it: 'Here lie the remains of S. Douglas Crane, Born the 8th of November, 1800, who served five years in the Georgia legislature and never lost a day and dies in the full faith of the Methodist doctrine and in full hope, to which church he wills \$50.'" In conclusion the testator requests "to be buried on the highest hill in the graveyard with the honors of war, a colonel's salute."—Law Notes.

#### A Pillar in Venice.

At a corner of St. Mark's church in Venice, the one nearest the ducal palace, there has been standing since the eleventh century a pillar of red porphyry carved with the portraits of four noble gentlemen of Albania. In fact they were brothers who went to Venice in a ship laden with vast wealth. One couple plotted against the other to secure all the treasure and at a feast each duo of plotters poisoned the other. The signory of Venice seized upon their goods in compensation of so unbrotherly a conspiracy and as a warning against avarice the unique and exquisitely carved pillar was erected.

#### The Sudanese Baby.

A Sudanese baby when dressed up in its best clothes is probably the most uncomfortable infant in the world. The coat or outer garment which fashion dictates should be worn reaches to the very heels. It is of heavy velvet, hanging in many folds. This, in turn, is adorned with countless buttons and bangles of brass, considerably adding to its weight. Its cap, in turn, is of the same material, similarly decorated and doubtless equally uncomfortable.

#### The Coconut.

Many pagan people regard the coconut as of divine origin because it is so useful. It supplies almost all their needs. With its trunk they build houses, with its leaves they thatch their roofs, the fiber of its shell they weave into clothes, the hard wood of the nuts they cut into bowls and saucers. Its milk is their food, its milk is their drink, and its narcotic root they dry and smoke.

#### Sport in Ancient Rome.

In the palm days of Rome the number of lions brought from Africa averaged 400 per year for nine years, and with these were leopards, tigers, hyenas, elephants, buffaloes and serpents almost without number. For several years there were 8,000 men employed in Africa in trapping wild animals to make sport for the people of Rome.

#### Extreme Curiosity.

The fourteen-year-old son of a respectable Jew in Warsaw hanged himself the other day. He left a note, saying: "I have hanged myself out of mere curiosity. I could not help myself. I had to find out what they were doing in the other world."—Jewish World.

Advertise in the Farmer.

## THE FIGHTER

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE  
Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroadman," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc.  
NEW YORK  
FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY  
1909

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(Continued.)  
"Don't talk that way when you see the Standishes again," counseled Caleb. "Mrs. Standish looks on Black Island as part of her religion. She—"

"Yes," grinned Caleb. "I s'pose so. I can see the old lady don't saint-poses on the sand there."  
"All her attitudes are beautitudes," agreed Caleb. But as far as concerns Conover's comprehension, he might as well have said it in Greek.

"By the way," went on Amzi. "I have some fairly sure information from our political reporter that ought to interest both of us. It's about Black—"

"If you mean Blackard's got next to the Governor and arranged a special session of Legislature in September," interposed Caleb, "I knew that a week ago. The Starke bill's to be flashed on 'em in a new form, without our getting wind of it, an' it's to be rushed through, with an idea of knocking out Steeloid combine flatter'n a pancake."

"You knew all this a week ago? Why didn't you—?"

"That's business to know things," replied Conover. "If I didn't, I'd be takin' orders still, instead of givin' 'em. As for not tellin' you, what was I to do? I've been too busy to run an information bureau. I'll be ready for Friend Blackard an' his crowd when the time comes. Sam's a brass band. Just because I don't carry a brass band to parade the streets carryin' a placard of my plans, you mustn't run away with the idea that I'm overlookin' any beats. I've got everything in line. We'll win out, same as we did last Spring, an' by a bigger margin."

"But your may be details as you were more. And next time you may not get back on time. Blackard will move heaven and earth to keep you away. He knows by now, as we all do, that you weren't boasting when you said your presence in the lobby meant all the difference between defeat and victory."

"That's right," said Caleb, gently flattered. "But I'll be on deck. It's a way I've got. There's always a bunch of weak-kneed chaps of our crowd in the Assembly that's so scared at reform threats an' all such rot that they're ready to stampee if I'm not on hand to hammer the fear of the Lord into 'em. I'll be there, an' I'll be there. Blackard ain't likely to play the game of the politicians. He's a real in' useless, he's too scared. An' there's not another trick in all the pack that can get past my handy little bunch of secret service men."

"But if the bill should pass—?"  
"It ain't goin' to. How often have I not to ding that into your head? It ain't goin' to."

"Perhaps I'm over-anxious," Caleb defended himself. "But you must remember, practically all my money is in Steeloid. On your recommendation I have put every available dollar in it. So have Standish and a half dozen others I know."

"Then lay back an' be happy," advised Conover. "After that bill is smashed an' the public sees Steeloid on the ground to stay, the stock'll take another big hop. If you an' Standish and others have a few thousand to use in buyin' on margin you'll clean up a good lookin' pile. I've got other deals on now that make Steeloid look like a pile of old iron. I'll wake you up on my own account. It's as much for you fellows as for myself that I'm going to get down to work on the Blackard matter as soon as I come back from my vacation. It'll mean a week or two of big work, on the quiet. Then the bill's comin' up an' goin' down for keeps."

"You're awfully good to give us these tips," said Caleb. "And we all appreciate it. But aren't you afraid Blackard may take some other interests of yours as well as Steeloid? He hates you; and he is not the sort of a man to confine himself to a single line of revenge."

"There's where you're wrong, son," answered Conover. "The trouble with you people is, you get all your learnin' from books by other folks. You're stoopid as yourselves. The thing to study ain't a book. It's your fellow-man. Then there'd be fewer folks took in by gold-brick games. Look at me, for instance. I never read a book clear through in my life. But there ain't a man of my acquaintance I haven't read through. So I know what I'm lookin' for. Now, you look at Blackard as a sort of man who's liable to attack me from a dozen angles at once. That's 'cause I know what he's liable to do an' what he ain't. Blackard belongs to the King Cobra class. He's a kiten to the end. He knows where his poison's hid, an' only dangerous to folks that picks him up by the wrong end."

Caleb, warning to his theme, leaned back against the corner of the table and laid down the coat he was folding.

"Men who read men," said he, oracularly. "Rule men. Men who read books from books by other folks are stoopid. That's the difference. Let me explain what I mean by what I said 'bout cobras.' I had to run down to Nook York last fall on business. I had a couple of hours on my hands an' I went into a squat, Dago-lookin' joint called the Rept'l House. Full of snakes crawling allin' things. Big crowd in front of one glass cage. Only snake in that cage was a big, long, brown critter with an eye that wa'n't good to look at. The sign said it was a King Cobra an' habitated somewhere or other. The attendant wanted to wash the winders of that cage from the inside. What does he do? Does he put his arms in an' wiggle a mop within reach of Mister King Cobra? Not him. He, or his boss, I guess, had learned to read snake like I read men. What does he do? He slaps open a little door in the back of the cage, slings in a two-foot black snake an' slams shut the door, quicker'n a cat. Before the Cobra knows what's up. There lays the little black snake wrigglin', scared like, on the floor of the cage among a lot of little red lizards that's runnin' round in the sand."

"The King Cobra lifts up till his head's about six foot above ground. He looks dowy at the wrigglin' black snake, like he was sizin' up whether the little feller has any fight in him or not. An' say! It was 'nough to give a teller the shakes to see that cobra-snake's eye as he watch'd 'tother. Then, he seems to make up his mind the black snake ain't bent on smittin' snake by beginnin' the fight. So down swoops the King Cobra with a sort of rusty, swishin' rush; an' he grabs the little snake around the middle. No—not by the head or tail. He's more mad than hungry. So he grabs him by the middle. An' he hangs on."

"Now what does the attendant do? He opens the door at the back, kneels on the threshold, leanin' out right above the King Cobra, an' cam'ly begins washin' the winders with his long mop. He's swishin' that mop makes at the glass, his hand comes within a foot of the Cobra. But he didn't even look at the big, pizenous brute coiled up there below his hand. He goes on washin' the winder like there wasn't a

(To be Continued.)

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